NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JAMES'S SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW; Or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life. An Essay upon the Physics of Creation. By Henry James. 12mo., pp. 539. Ticknor & Fields.

The lovers of philosophical discussion in this country have rarely found more suggestive and piquant materials for thought than are presented in the writings of the author of this volume. Without claiming to be the founder of a complete system of morals or metaphysics, Mr. James never fails to set before his readers the results of profound and original reflection; his criticisms of the pretensions of the most eminent names in the history of speculation is searching as a surgeon's probe; his own convictions are sustained with a formidable power of logic; while in the command of ingenious and brilliant illustration in connection with abstract reasoning, it would be difficult to name his rival among modern writers.

The present volume pursues the same course of analysis and argument which has become familiar to the student of Mr. James's former productions; but it exhibits his conclusions in fresh lights and novel relations; many collateral topics are introduced and summarily disposed of; the theories of Kant and Sir William Hamilton are made the subjects of a special examination, remarkable for its humorous juiciness of statement; and the application of the religious philosophy of the author to the institutions of society and the wants of the age evinces his chacteristic earnestness of appeal, depth of feeling, and force of expression.

The scope of the book, as we gather from an attentive survey, is, to vindicate Creation not as a mere historic but as a philosophic verity; not as an incident in space and time—since these fall within Creation, not outside of it—but as the inexorable postulate of consciousness itself. He holds Creation to be primarily a spiritual process, and only derivatively a natural one; so that if we would put ourselves at the right point of view for envisaging the problem, we must recognize man, who is the only spiritual being we know, as the true Divine end in Creation, and regard Nature exclusively as a means to his development, as the vehicle of his proper consciousness.

Why is Nature required for this purpose? The answer, for which, however, Mr. J. professes his indebtedness to Swedenborg, is easy to be understood. For evidently God, inasmuch as He is himself Life, cannot create life, but only communicate it, and in order to such communication, organic forms or subjects must exist prepared to receive it. Now Nature alone supplies these receptive forms, since he exact distinction of natural existence from spiritual is, that it has not life in itself, but derives it from what is not itself. Spiritual existence is free or spontaneous, obeying an exclusively inward object. Natural existence is servile or voluntary obeying an outward object. Thus Nature alone furnishes forms suitable to house the Divine communication; because all her forms, being purely subjective or disowning their proper objectivity—*i. e.*, being in themselves void of life, destitute of spiritual substance—are therefore incapable of excluding the Divine communication. If they did involve their own objectivity; if they had life in themselves; they would of course defeat the Divine communication, or render it nugatory; for all life is one; and consequently where it already exists, it cannot be given.

So far all is plain. Nature is a basis and only a basis for the spiritual creation, just as marble is a basis and only a basis for the manifestation of the sculptor's genius. But now why is it, if the analogy between Nature and the marble be so close, that the product of one is living or conscious, of the other lifeless or unconscious? It is that God himself invariably creates or spiritually vivifies Nature, so that all her forms are conscious or alive on the mother's side; while the sculptor does not himself inwardly create or spiritually impregnate the marble, but on the contrary manipulates it exclusively from without; so that the result of his operation is a wholly lifeless, unconscious form. This is the great aim of Mr. James's book accordingly—to show that God gives his creature natural *identity* as well as spiritual individuality, and gives him the latter indeed only by means of giving him the former. Hence arises a doctrine of Nature pregnant with practical consequences; shedding such ample light, as Mr. James conceives, upon the actual course of history or the development of the human mind, that we can only refer our reader to the book itself for a full exposition of it, while we confine ourslves here to a rapid summary of its main features.

The essence of Nature, according to Mr. James, is *community*; which means, the alliance of an identical or common substance with a specific or individual form; there being absolutely no natural existence conceivable, which does not exhibit a substantial identity with, and a formal distinction from, all other existences. Throughout the entire realm of Nature, accordingly, the principle of identity is paramount, and that of individuality subordinate; there being no form *so* specific as not to be at bottom a mere modification of the common substance and obedient to its laws; nor yet any substance so universal as not to be limited or determined by each of these specific forms. It is this essential *community* of Nature, this subjection of the individual to the common life, which stamps Nature an inversion of spirit, and so qualifies her forever to separate between creator and creature, by organizing the finite consciousness. In spiritual existence the principle of individuality is paramount, and that of identity or universality is subordinate; so that every one whose consciousness is anchored in Nature, lies under a permanent spiritual disability. Thus Nature spiritually separates between creator and creature, between God and man, by making the latter's life or consciousness involve such an inversion of the other's perfection, as proves creation to be practically a process of perpetual humiliation on God's part, a process of patient crucifixion to all those lusts of pride and covetousness which grow out of our native penury, and test its absoluteness.

But of course it would be too revolting to be thought of for a moment, that God could be humiliated in himself, or crucified as to what is really Divine in Him. No, He is humiliated only in the personality of His creature; crucified only in the experience of a certain seed or offspring, in whom this principle of individuality asserts itself as rightfully paramount to that of universality, and lands them consequently in all manner of conscious disorder and excess. The instinct that underlies the self-assertion of these men is undoubtedly Divine, and will sooner or later receive its plenary Divine justification. But inasmuch as they have as yet no perception of the Divine NATURAL humanity, nor consequently any intelligence of Nature's essential subordination to man, but on the contrary suppose her to constitute the true measure of God's power and the limit of their own being, they regard every infraction of her order as absolutely repugnant to the Divine name, and confess themselves rebels against it. These men constitute what is called the Church of God, not the visible but the spiritual church; because the personal humility and compassionate tenderness toward others which are bred in them by their conviction of sin, alone attest God's spiritual presence in his creature.

But the Divine humiliation does not end in itself, does not take place for its own sake, but is rigidly in order to a subsequent superb glorification. In other words, the Church at last begets the State; the priest inducts the king. For this experience of individual corruption in the bosom of men cannot take place without gradually leavening the whole public mind of the race; without transferring itself at last to the public or associated consciousness; so that finally men will learn to deride the idea of any specific or individual merit and demerit before God, and look upon their personal or characteristic differences, only as so many marks of their various relation to society—as so many signs *plus* or *minus* of their subjective participation of the social spirit. In this way the hitherto dominant and oppressive principle of identity or universality, becomes spiritually softened and modified in the experience of the race into such complete and spontaneous subservience to the individual principle, that human society, human brotherhood, or fellowship, flowers as it were out of a natural root, and puts on ere long every vivid and vigorous lineament of God's intimate and abiding presence. Thus, incited or inaugurated by that Divine spirit in man which is called the Church, his outward State gradually grows up out of its root in the family, through its stem in the tribe, its branches in the city, its foliage in the nation, and its fruitage in the confederacy of nations, until at last it dies out in literal form, only to become resuscitate in glorified spiritual form as a universal society, fellowship, or brotherhood of man. Our two institutions of Church and State, priest and king, outwardly express or symbolize the play of these two inward forces in the invisible heart of the race; the one representing the patient humiliation of the Divine spirit to every form of natural destitution and imbecility on the part of its creature; the other its subsequent spiritual glorification in all the forms of man's varied genesis, and his boundless power over Nature.

Such, according to Mr. James, is the theory of our historic progress. The nominal Church and State however, the typical priest and king, have been utterly blind to the majestic spirit which inwardly informs their respective functions; have incessantly striven in fact to stifle the Divine natural manhood with which their great offices were spiritually big, by converting each the other to the use of its own private arrogance and rapacity. Of course no just quarrel attaches to them on this score, because they are not Divine substances, but only signs or symbols of such substance which are bound to vanish away when the substance comes. This Divine substance—this creative spirit which Mr. James makes to underlie and animate all history—is the SOCIAL force exclusively in humanity; and he conceives moreover that its due and adequate evolution has been strictly contingent upon the envenomed rivalry of Church and State, or priest and king. For in seeking each, as they have been bound to do, to avail themselves of the popular countenance and support against the other, they have unwittingly aroused a slumbering social consciousness in the race which is destined to absorb them both, and exalt them both, into a unitary form of manhood so spotless and powerful, as that neither of them by itself has ever been able except most dimly to image it. Such is the inevitable genesis of our social consciousness; and it is exclusively to the advancing tides of this consciousness in our bosoms, and to its eventually omnipotent empire there, that Mr. James, as we understand him, looks for the fulfillment of all sacredest prophecy and promise, in cleansing the human mind of its defilement, and making the human body consequently the only visible and every way worthy temple of God's eternal indwelling.

The above summary of some of the leading views of this remarkable work may enable our readers more clearly to comprehend its method and its aims. It cannot be denied that it is liable to the charge of obscurity (as is the case with most original writings on profound themes), partly owing to the nomenclature of the author, in which he inexorably adheres to a peculiar and novel sense in familiar terms, and partly to the intrinsic infirmity of language in embodying in lucid forms the fruits of reflection on subjects beyond the scope of sensible experience. But whatever difficulty may be found in always seizing the precise import of the subtle disquisitions, which compose the volume, no one can fail to recognize the spirit of large and noble humanity, and the rare intellectual qualities, with which it is pervaded.

THE RELIGIOUS DEMANDS OF THE AGE. A Reprint of the Preface to the London Edition of the Collected Works of Theodore Parker. By Frances Power Cobbe. 12mo., pp. 63. Walker, Wise & Co.

A complete edition of the works of Theodore Parker is in course of publication in London, under the superintendence of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, a lady whose treatise on "Intuitive Morals" and other philosophical writings have given her a distinguished place in the higher walks of English literature. The Preface now issued in a separate form is an elaborate essay, giving a lucid and accurate exposition of the theological system maintained by Mr. Parker, with some interesting personal reminiscences of his last days at Florence. The following paragraphs will be read with interest by the numerous friends of Mr. Parker in this country:

Theodore Parker's faith, at least, bore this result—it brought out in him one of the noblest and most complete developments of our nature which the world has seen; a splendid devotion, even to death, for the holiest cause, and none the less a most perfect fulfillment of the minor duties and obligations of humanity. Though the last man in the world to claim faultlessness for himself, he was yet to all mortal eyes absolutely faithful to the resolution of his boyhood to devote himself to God's immediate service. Living in a land of special personal inquisition, and the mark for thousands of inimical scrutinies, he yet lived out his allotted time, beyond the arrows of calumny; and those who knew him best said that the words they heard over his grave seemed intended for him: "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." The lilies, which were his favorite flowers, and which loving hands laid on his coffin, were not misplaced thereon. Truly, if men *cannot* gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles, then must the root of that most fruitful life have been a sound one.

At last, the end came. The eloquent orations he had poured forth so freely for every righteous cause, and the incessant traveling at all seasons to deliver them, wheresoever he was called, brought out the tendencies of hereditary disease. The last journey he ever made in America was in the midst of a northern Winter, and when he was already ill, to perform a funeral service in a friend's family; or rather to comfort the mourners with his sympathy, and speak to them (as he knew so well how to do) of God's great love in their affliction. He returned home much worse, but refused to give up working, and prepared, as usual, his sermon for the week. He had never spared himself at any time. The words of a hymn he often called for in his church fitted well his brave, unwearied spirit:

"Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?"

Or another, of Whittier's, which he liked equally well:

"Hast thou through Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As thy being's end;

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit, which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin,

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steadfast heart and purpose strong,
In the power of faith, assaileth
Every form of wrong."

Had he understood the gravity of his danger, he would doubtless have accepted the duty, however dissonant to his habits, of greater care for himself. But it was hard for the strong heart lodged in the powerful frame to believe that its beatings were already numbered, or that it was needful *yet* to check labors whose full harvest daily filled his bosom. How often this same mistake is made by the choicest spirits of the world, and how inexorable is the law which stops the hand *too* ready for its holy work, we need not pause to repeat. The Life Beyond must explain it all. At best a man only finds his place, and fits himself to fill it, either in the company of the prophets or the humbler ranks of philanthropy, when he has gained almost the summit of mortal life, and all beyond must be declivity and decay. It is little marvel, then, if those whose hearts are truest to their labors "work while it is called the day," even with self-wasteful energy, dreading the inevitable approach of *age*, if not yet of death; of the day when our "windows shall be darkened, and the grasshopper a burden," even before the final closing of that night "when no man can work."

Theodore Parker's fourteen years of apostleship were over. On Sunday morning, Jan. 9, 1859, he wrote to his congregation, "I shall not speak to you to-day; for this morning, a little after four o'clock, I had a slight attack of bleeding in the lungs or throat. I hope you will not forget the contribution to the poor. I don't know when I shall again look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirit when my flesh was weak." He never saw them (at least from his pulpit) again. Compelled to seek a warmer climate, he sailed with his wife and friends for Santa Cruz, where he spent the Winter; and then passed through England on his way to Switzerland, where he sojourned a while with his friend Professor Desor of Neufchâtel; and then passed on to Rome as the cold weather drew near. Friends gathered round him, dear and congenial friends, whom he had known and loved at home; and for a while he seemed to do well. But, as the Spring drew near, it became evident that the sands of life were running out. He sank rapidly and hopelessly. His horror of the oppression and impiety of the Papal Government was so great, that he could not endure to die in Rome, and made his friends (among whom was a physician, Dr. Appleton, devoted altogether to his care) carry him away to pass his last hours in a free country. As he passed out of the Roman territory, and saw the Italian tricolor waving by the roadside, the dying man raised himself feebly in his carriage, and lifted his hat to the emblem of Liberty. By the time he had reached Florence, the fatigue of the journey had left him but a little residue of days to live. He knew it. He had wished to be spared, and felt, as he had said years before in his sermon "Of the Immortal life," "It is selfish to wish for death, when there is so much need of us here." But, when the time came, he was calm as a child. The writer, who, although aided by his words and honored by his friendship for many years, had never seen him till that hour, found him on his bed of death, conscious of the inevitable future, but looking at it as peacefully as if it had been a summons to his home across the ocean. "You know I am not afraid to die," he said; and here a smile, the most beautiful we ever saw on a human countenance, broke over his face—"you know I am not afraid to die; but I would fain have lived a little longer to finish my work. God gave me large powers, and I have but half used them." *Half* used them! And he said this on his death-bed, whither he had been brought in the prime of manhood by over-use of them—by the utter sacrifice of his health and strength in the cause of Truth and Right! He lingered on a few days, gently falling asleep, as it seemed, and dreaming, after the went of the dying, that he was going on a journey—going home after his long wanderings; and only wakening, at intervals, to give a few parting gifts to friends (among others, the bronze inkstand from which these pages are written), and to comfort his wife, and say tenderest words of thanks for the little offerings of flowers, or aught beside we brought him. Now and then he would rouse himself, and speak his old brave thoughts; answering, as if to a familiar and welcome voice, if we named sacred things. Once, for example, when he asked the day of the week, and we said, "It is Sunday, a blessed day; is it not, dear friend?" "Yes!" he said with sudden energy: "when one has got over the superstition of it, a *most* blessed day." Gradually, and without pain, the end came on; and on the 10th of May, 1860, he passed away from earth in perfect peace.

We cannot regard such an end otherwise than with solemn thankfulness, that God allows such men to live and work and die among us, to show us what man may do and be in this life, and to raise our thoughts to what *must* be the life to come for souls which have made earth itself a holy place. His most gifted countrywoman reached Florence too late to pay to her great fellow-abolitionist a last tribute of the respect and regard which outstripped all limits of creed. At her request, the writer gave her all the details of his last hours, and repeated (doubtless with faithless tears) the words above quoted, concerning his unfinished labors; adding, "To think that life is over, that work is stopped!" —"And do you think," said she, raising her eyes with a flash of rebuke—"do *you* think, did *he* think, that Theodore Parker has no work to do *for* God *now*?"

It must be so. He who recalled his soldier in the heat of the battle must have a nobler command for him on high; yet we must miss him here, and sorely his country misses him in her hour of trial. He was a great and good man; the greatest and best, perhaps, which America has produced. He was great in many ways—in original genius, in learning, in eloquence, and in a courage and honesty which no danger could daunt or check. In time to come, his country will glory in his name, and the world will acknowledge all his gifts and powers. His true greatness, however, will in future ages rest on this—that God revealed himself to his faithful soul in his most adorable aspect; that he preached with undying faith, and lived out in his consecrated life, the lesson he had thus been taught; that he was worthy to be the *prophet* of the greatest of all truths, the Absolute Goodness of God, the central truth of the universe.

When it was all over, and the great soul had gone home to God, we saw him lying, as it were, asleep, a pale flush still on his face, and his head (that noble head!) resting under the crown of the rich pink and white roses of Tuscany. The strong man, dead in the flower of manhood, seemed only slumbering on a warm summer day. Never was the "rapture of repose" more legible upon the face of death. It seemed as if God had said, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Well hast thou spent thy talents ten times ten!" A few days later, we followed him, to bear, as he had desired, the Beatitudes of the Gospels read for his sole funeral service, over his grave, in the beautiful Campo Santo of Florence. It seemed well that he should sleep in such a spot, under a sky as cloudless as his faith, and where the cypresses of Italy, like Nature's spires, stand pointing from a bright world below to a yet brighter heaven. As we passed along the streets of the grand old city, we perceived that the tricolor banners were hung from every window for some victory or festival, and the people were passing in throngs to the churches, whose bells were pealing joyfully. At first, it struck like a dissonance to our hearts; and then we remembered what Theodore Parker had been, and still must be in a higher life than ours; and we said one to another, "For us, too, this is a festa-day, the solemn Feast of an Ascension."

PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM. By Uriah Clark. 12mo., pp. 294. William White & Co.

In the opinion of the author of this volume, the subject of Spiritualism has assumed such a magnitude in this country, as to call for a comprehensive work devoted to the exposition of its doctrines, and the history of its progress. This task he has undertaken to accomplish, and the present treatise is the result of several years' labor and study employed in its preparation. It traces the manifestations of Spiritualism in different ages of the world, discusses the philosophy of the facts adduced in behalf of its claims, and presents a general view of its condition and prospects in the civilized world. The author writes with evident good faith and a familiar acquaintance with his theme, and may be recommended as an intelligent guide in the occult studies which he has so diligently pursued. An important feature of the volume is found in the statistical statements which show the prevalence of Spiritualism in the United States. According to Mr. Clark, there are now in America five hundred public mediums who receive visitors constantly or occasionally, beside fifty thousand mediums who confine themselves to select circles, and do not come before the public. About one hundred periodicals have been devoted wholly or in part to the exposition of the subject, and more than five hundred books and pamphlets have been circulated, many of which still have an extensive sale. Nearly two thousand places are open for public conferences, or lectures. The decided believers in Spiritualism are reckoned at about two millions, while the nominal are nearly five millions, equal to the whole number of church communicants in the United States.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR AND GARDEN. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr., 12 mo. pp. 411. J. E. Tilton & Co.

The amateur florist will find this excellent manual a trustworthy and agreeable guide in pursuing his favorite branch of cultivation. It contains clear and ample directions for the management of the greenhouse and conservatory, the culture of window plants, and the care of the garden, embodying a great variety of valuable horticultural and botanical information. The author treats his subject with not a little poetical enthusiasm, evincing sound mental accomplishments and a true love of natural beauty, while, at the same time, he dwells upon practical details with as great minuteness and accuracy as if he had no eye but for the plainest matters of fact. The volume is embellished with several well executed pictorial illustrations, and is brought out with remarkable elegance of print and binding.

THE WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Ferdinand Lecomte. Translated from the French. 12mo. pp. 142. D. Van Nostrand.

The author of this volume is an officer in the Swiss army, and was authorized by the military department of that nation to make a campaign in the United States with a view to examining the character and progress of the war, and the military resources of the country. He became attached to the staff of Gen. McClellan, as voluntary aide-de-camp, in which position he enjoyed a favorable opportunity for making himself acquainted with the organization of the American service. His work, which consists chiefly of the official report of his commission, although not free from errors of detail, contains much useful information in regard to the events of which he was an eye-witness, and is written in a spirit decidedly friendly to the cause of the Union.

THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, AND ITS EARLY CIVILIZATION. Translated and Enlarged from the German of Dr. F. Kruger. By W. L. Wagnell.

According to the theory of this volume, there have been three different discoveries of America, namely, the first during the period from 1000–600 B. C. by the Phœnicians and their Carthaginian descendants; the second in the tenth century, A. D., by the Northmen and Scandinavians; and the third in 1492 by Christopher Columbus. The circumstances in favor of this supposition are here set forth, with an ingenious array of antiquarian lore, and considerable plausibility of argument.

LESSONS ON OBJECTS. Arranged by E. A. Sheldon. 12mo., pp. 407. Charles Scribner.

The basis of this useful educational work is a standard English manual of the same title, but in the present edition many changes have been made in the arrangement of the lessons, some of the terms have been modified, others left out altogether, much information on common objects has been added, and several other valuable improvements have been introduced. The volume will be found an excellent aid in carrying out a new method of early education, which appears to be growing in public favor.

MANUAL FOR QUARTERMASTERS AND COMMISSARIES. By Capt. R. F. Hunter. 12mo. pp. 119. D. Van Nostrand.

A convenient guide for officers in the quartermaster's and commissary's departments, is presented in this work, furnishing complete instructions as to the manner of keeping their accounts and making up their abstracts and returns, together with a variety of forms for practical use.

The Phrenological Journal for August well sustains the character of that periodical for the popular illustration of valuable knowledge respecting the laws of the human constitution, the rules of health, and the secret of long life. Its exposition of didactic principles is always combined with practical examples, and presents many interesting suggestions even to readers who are skeptical as to the system to which the work is devoted.

J. Disturnell has compiled a seasonable manual for tourists and emigrants to the West, entitled *The Great Lakes*, containing a complete guide for the visitor to that region on pleasure or business. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

Literary.

"The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Baronet, by William L. Stone," is about to be published by subscription by Joel Munsell, No. 78 State street, Albany. Sir William Johnson is widely known as the British Superintendent of Indian Affairs through a considerable portion of the last century, including our Revolutionary War. The work was begun by the late William L. Stone, esq., of our city, and has been completed since his death by his son. It will form two octavos, and be furnished in cloth for $5.

Murder and Excitement in Preble County, Ohio.—Brutal outrages, resulting in the violent death of two paroled soldiers and the wounding of two others, have recently taken place at Eaton, Ohio. Mr. Hinkle, a paroled soldier, and a Mr. Shields, got into a controversy about the latter wearing a butternut breast-pin. Phillip Reichard, a ranting Vallandighammer, interfered, and plunged a bowie knife into Hinkle. The wound was severe, but not mortal. Reichard ran into a drug store followed by an excited crowd. Mr. Clear, another paroled soldier, went into the store to assist in arresting him. He was fatally stabbed by Reichard, as was Mr. McGregor, who went to Clear's assistance. Still another soldier named Myers was severely wounded by Reichard before he could be captured. The assassin was hurried off to jail to save him from Lynch law. A few days after advantage was taken of the absence of the leading citizens of Eaton at a funeral, to bring Reichard before a magistrate for stabbing Hinkle, who gave bail in $500, and was discharged by the butternut officer. Reichard was hurried out of town by his friends and escaped.

From The Boston Transcript.

Colonel Shaw;

ON HEARING THAT THE REBELS HAD BURIED HIS BODY IN A TRENCH, UNDER A PILE OF TWENTY-FIVE NEGROES.

Ignoble hate defeating its own ends!
The act that meant dishonor, working glory!
Could any mausoleum built by hands
Lift his sweet memory nearer to the heavens,
Or give it such a precious consecration
In every heart which Love has purified!
O! young and sainted martyr, let them pile
Whole hecatombs of dead upon thy ashes;
They cannot bar God's angels from receiving
Thy radiant spirit with divinest welcomes;
They cannot cover from celestial eyes
The sacrifice that bears thee close to Christ!

Did I not see thee on that day in Spring
Leading thy sable thousand through our streets?
Braving the scorn and (what was worse) the pity
Of many backward hearts—yet cheered with bravos
From those who scanned the great significance
Of thy devoted daring—saw the crown
Behind the cross—behind the shame the glory?
Behind the imminent death the life immortal?

Weep not, heroic parents! Be consoled!
Think of thy loved one's gain, lamenting wife,
And let a holy pride o'ermaster grief!
All that could perish of him—let it lie
There where the smoke from Sumter's bellowing guns
Curls o'er the grave which no commingled dust
Can make less sacred. Soon his monument
Shall be the old flag waving and proclaiming
To the whole world that the great cause he died for
Has nobly triumphed—that the hideous Power,
Hell-born, that would disgrace him, has been hurled
Into the pit it hollowed for the Nation;
That the Republic stands redeemed and pure;
Justice enthroned—and not one child of God
Robbed of his birthright, Freedom!

E. S.

Boston, Aug. 3.

FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF THE FRONTIER.

The Battle at Honey Springs—3,000 Union Troops Whip 6,000 Rebels—A Courageous and Successful Movement—Bravery of the Colored Troops—Our Captures.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

Fort Blunt, C. N., July 20, 1863.

It certainly will be interesting to all friends of the Union to know that even here, on the very borders of civilization, two hundred miles from the nearest Post-Office, or any other vestige of common life, the Stars and Stripes still float to the breeze over a small army of as true and loyal hearts as throb in the breasts of any troops in the service of the country.

Gen. James G. Blunt and staff arrived here on the 12th inst., and immediately set to work, determined to cross the Arkansas and give the enemy battle on his own ground. At early dawn, on the morning of the 17th, the advance moved across, and during the whole day and till long after dark, were the three small flat-boats, hastily constructed for the purpose, busy in crossing the troops, who, eager for the contest, moved rapidly on the trail of the fleeing foe. On the morning of the 18th the advance engaged the enemy at a point 20 miles south, at a place called Honey Springs, where the Rebels had large stores and shops, at which they manufactured various articles used in western warfare.

Gen. Blunt had with him 10 pieces of artillery, 1,500 cavalry, including 200 Indians, and about an equal number of infantry, including the 1st Regiment Kansas Colored Volunteers and the 2d Regiment Colorado Volunteers. He was assisted by Col. Moonlight, Chief of Staff, and Cols. W. A. Phillips, 3d Indians; Judson, 6th Kansas Cavalry; J. M. Williams, 1st Kansas Colored Volunteers, and Lieut.-Col. Dodd, of the 2d Colorado.

The enemy, under General Cooper, were about 6,000 strong, and nearly all mounted men. Our artillery were first brought to bear on them, and after an incessant fire of about 30 minutes, which had put to flight the Rebel Indians, who have rather an unfavorable opinion of the Yankee "shooting wagon," our infantry were ordered into line of battle and forward through the brush, so thick as not only to entirely conceal the view, but almost impenetrable even to the footman, did our brave and courageous troops press on and on, led by their respective commanders, Col. J. M. Williams and Lieut.-Col. Dodd.

Two regiments of the famous Texas Rangers awaited their arrival, and when within fifty yards, still unseen by our men, so completely were they hid in the brush, they commenced the ball by delivering a volley along their whole line. Instantly their fire was answered by our troops, and then commenced a conflict unsurpassed by any in all the West, if not in the whole country.

The famous battle of Prairie Grove, which is now a part of the history of our country, exceeded this only in the numbers employed. Col. Williams fell at the first fire, shot through the upper part of the right lung by a musket-ball and three other slight wounds from buckshot, and that too while in the very act of giving the order to charge bayonets.

This of course, for a few moments somewhat deranged matters, but as soon as the fact was known Lieut. Col. John Bowles took his place, and on went the work with such terrific effect as not only to break the Rebel lines but to entirely remove all prejudice against such troops, from every man who witnessed the action. Such distrust and dissatisfaction were openly expressed by many of our Colorado troops at being put into the same brigade with the "niggers," but the man is yet to be found since this fight who does not speak in the highest terms of this regiment.

The result of the fight was a complete rout of the enemy, who, setting fire to their stores and shops, made a hasty retreat, hotly pressed by our small but victorious army. Four times did they form line of battle, but each time only to see their ranks thinned by the unerring aim of our troops. Their loss is known to reach 50 killed, 75 wounded and 65 prisoners; and, in addition, three pieces of artillery (all they had), 75 stand of small-arms, and $250,000 worth of stores and other property by fire.

There were found in store about 600 handcuffs, which they had just manufactured to have ready when the "niggers and their cowardly officers surrendered to their forces." What an idea! to think of a regiment of men, black as night, showing the white feather!!

Our loss was but trifling as compared with theirs. The 1st K. C. V. lost none killed, 32½ wounded. The 2d Colorado lost 9 killed, 18 wounded.

The difference is attributable to the fact that the Colorado boys made a charge upon the enemy's right. There is no better material in the service than this 2nd Colorado, made up as it is by young men from the gold mines of the Rocky Mountains.

This is the first battle for the Union south of the Arkansas, and every man engaged therein has reason to be proud of the result. Every man did his duty, and we can account for the result only in the difference in our favor in the amount of the artillery and the greater loyalty of our troops. Many of the prisoners confess their disloyalty to the cause of Rebellion, and hail with joy the recent news from Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Helena and elsewhere, of which they had purposely been held in ignorance by their officers.

Gen. Blunt returned yesterday with his whole force, feeling well satisfied with the whole matter. It will be useless to attempt to plant the stars and stripes permanently south of the Arkansas until we can get our supplies by boat up that river, as transportation from Leavenworth is too slow and expensive to support an army south of this point.

The 1st Regiment, K. C. V., received their first payment, at the hands of Paymaster Major Adams, on the 13th inst., just six months from the date of muster, and nearly twelve months from the original enlistment. So that there is now nothing left about which to croak but that they were paid $10 only per month, without any allowance to Sergeants. When will the "laborer be considered worthy of his hire."

Weather very warm, with full rivers, the Grand being at high water mark.

Dedication of The Chronicle Building—President and Cabinet Present—Remarks of Gen. Thomas and Col. Forney.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Washington, Saturday, Aug. 1, 1863.

The Hon. John W. Forney, editor and proprietor of *The Press* of Philadelphia, and *Daily Chronicle* of Washington, has erected a new printing establishment on Ninth street in this city, from which *The Chronicle* will hereafter be issued.

The building, though not large, is unique and convenient in all its departments. To-day the establishment was formally baptized and dedicated as *The Chronicle* Building.

The occasion was one of happy reunion. President Lincoln, Secretaries Seward and Welles, and Judge Usher, from the Cabinet; Adjutant-Gen. Thomas, Admiral Smith of the Navy, and Generals Heintzelman and Martindale, were among the large number of guests, both civil and military.

When all had visited and admired the several parts of the building, the party collected in the guests' room on the second floor, which is elegantly fitted up and furnished. At one end hangs the portrait of Washington, under this stands the bust of President Lincoln. Appropriate engravings are suspended on the wall along the sides of the room. This is the chamber in which persons may see the editor without disturbing the sanctum.

In a building in the rear of *The Chronicle* Building there had been prepared a most ample collation. The announcement of this fact set the party in motion in that direction. After discussing the viands, Gen. Thomas, being called on, gave this sentiment: "*The Chronicle*—May it continue to enjoy unbounded success."

To this Mr. Forney replied in a brief speech. He said it had long been his desire to see established in Washington an independent journal. Independent not only in the utterance of its sentiments, but also pecuniarily and really independent. It was with the desire to accomplish this that *The Chronicle* had been established. Pecuniarily the establishment was independent, not a dollar had been employed that had not been legitimately earned. As to the principles advocated, Mr. Forney said they had become so inwrought in his nature as to amount to a fanaticism, and could never be deviated from: The support of the war and the support of the Administration in all its efforts to suppress the Rebellion.

"It was a little singular," continued the speaker, "that Gen. Thomas, a man born and educated in the South, and a Pro-Slavery Democrat, should now be the great Apostle of Liberty to the black man. And that he among all men should have been situated to enforce the policy of the Government in arming the negroes. When such men lay aside their prejudices and come earnestly to the support of these important measures, with what ineffable contempt must we regard those men in the North who set this up as a pretext for denouncing the Administration and opposing the war."

Gen. Thomas responded by relating some of his adventures on the Mississippi. Many of the general officers, Pro-Slavery Democrats like himself, at first opposed the measure, but invariably when they had listened to his arguments and understood the policy, they cheerfully acceded and endured it. Gen. Logan was cited as a most worthy convert.

Gen. Thomas remarked further that he was about to set out on a second mission to the Mississippi Valley for the purpose of organizing with all possible speed an army of 50,000 blacks. Nor would he stop at that, but would put 100,000 in the field. He would seize the plantations, keep open the river for navigation, cultivate the soil, establish commerce, and have an army left to operate in other fields.

The remarks of these gentlemen were received with marked favor and applause throughout.

The printers and all the operatives in the establishment were called in to partake of the feast, so that, President down to the "devil," all were served.

Everybody gave three cheers, and dispersed feeling exceedingly well.

J. R. S.

An Improved Firearm.

Among the improvements developed during the last two years in the shape of arms, projectiles, and other weapons of warfare, Ballard's breech-loading rifle and carbine seems to have commended itself to the especial attention of military men, and whenever they have been used by cavalry or sharpshooters death has invariably marked the unerring course of their bullets. This weapon weighs only seven pounds, and is excellently proportioned, balancing nicely in the hand and coming well to the shoulder. It has five grooves, and is made in three calibers—38-100ths of an inch, 44-100ths, and 52-100ths—the former being most approved for sporting purposes, and the latter according to Government regulation. It is made with three lengths of barrel—24, 26 and 28 inches—the shortest being finished as a carbine for mounted officers and cavalry. S. V. Benet, Captain of Ordnance at West Point, in his report to Brig.-Gen. J. W. Ripley, Chief of Ordnance at Washington—Gen. Ripley having ordered a trial of the arm in the early part of the war—after describing its parts, action, &c., says in conclusion, "altogether it is the very best loading carbine that has been presented to me for trial." The action of the arm is simplicity itself, and therein lies its chief merit. A graceful and well proportioned scroll guard covers the trigger, as is usual in rifles; this folds forward toward the muzzle upon a pivot, and in doing so draws down the lock, hammer, &c., uncovering the breech end of the barrel so that the whole length of the tube can be easily seen. A metallic cartridge containing cap, powder and ball is then slipped in, when the guard is drawn back, bringing up the lock to its normal position with the hammer at half cock. The gun is then ready to be fired. After the discharge the guard is again thrown forward, the old cartridge shell thrown out by a simple contrivance, and a new cartridge inserted by hand. This rifle may thus be fired by an expert hand, ten or twelve times in a minute without even removing it from his shoulder.

Messrs. Merwin & Bray of No. 262 Broadway are now engaged in the manufacture of this arm, and are under contract with the General Government and with several of the States for a large supply of the weapon.

Under the orders of Quartermaster-General J. F. Robinson, jr., of Kentucky, that State has been furnished with 3,000 of the Ballard breech-loading carbines, which have been placed in the hands of the best cavalry regiments of "Old Kentuck." Gen. Robinson, in answer to a letter of inquiry from Commissary-General Farrel of this State in regard to this weapon says: "No gun in our service has given more general satisfaction, not only to myself but to all of the State authorities. For accuracy, for penetration and simplicity, it is equal to any that I have yet tried—for strength and durability it is superior. Of those in our service not one has been returned for repair; of all received and examined not one has been rejected, for which I give Messrs. Merwin & Bray great credit."

We were yesterday shown by Messrs. Merwin & Bray a breech-loading musket which they have recently patented. It closely resembles the Springfield musket, but presents a much more graceful and tidy appearance. It is designed especially for sharpshooters, and is so arranged that in case the metallic cartridge gives out the soldier can use the ordinary ball cartridge with percussion cap. The nipple for the cap is ingeniously fixed in the lock, and communicates more directly with the barrel than in the ordinary guns now used. This invention possesses great merit, and is highly spoken of by officers who have examined and tested it.

A Heroine.—On Saturday five Indians attacked the house of Mr. Austin, four miles out from the village of New-Lisbon, Juniata County, Wisconsin. Mr. Austin being absent at the time, there was nobody in the house except Mrs. Austin and two small children. She, however, with a good rifle and the assistance of a faithful watch dog, succeeded in killing one of the Indians and wounding another severely, when the rest of the party, not liking the reception, took to flight. The report states that Mrs Austin was not injured.